

R E V I E W.

Tuesday, May 26. 1713.

I Thought a Discourse of Trade was a safe retreat for me, from the Noise and Clamour of Parties, and that when I came to enter into the Subject of our Commerce, you would read without Prejudice; but this new Subject of the Treaty with *France* has embroiled me with you, where I thought myself safest.

Well, for once, Gentlemen, let me become your humble Petitioner; it is not often that I Address you in Terms so humble and submissive; but I earnestly entreat those that give themselves the trouble to read this Paper, to grant me but one thing, (*viz.*) to read it without respect to Party-Prejudices, I assure you I write it, or set your Foot upon it, as you would do upon the Author, if he was in your power, and read it not at all; my Design is to set things right in your Eyes; if you will not open both your Eyes, when you read, I beseech you throw away your time away upon what I write, I desire no Readers; I write not to enlighten the Men who think they can see, but the Ignorant, and those who are not willing to be convinc'd.

By opening *both your pair of Eyes*, I mean (for I must explain my self) the Eyes of your unprejudiced Judgment, and the Eyes of your Understanding, and indeed there is more need of the first, than of the last; for *there are among us*, People, whose Understandings are clear, and their Heads enlighten'd enough in those things; and when they read them, their Consciences dictate to them that they really see so; *but yet*, so it seems good to their prejudiced Judgment to determine, that this or that, shall, or shall not be acceptable to them, whether it be with the consent of their convinc'd Understanding or no. To these People it is in vain to Discourse; it is with them as in the case of that kind of Phrensie, which operates upon the Fancy without affecting the Memory or the Judgment: The Fancy of such People must be cleared, before the Operations of their Understandings can be at liberty; or else the Spectres, imagin'd in the Imagination, render the Man equally insensate with him that is totally disemper'd; so that the Mind is freed from Prejudices, the Man is

not at liberty to act by the natural dictates of his Reason, any more than he who is melancholy Mad; I remember to have read, that the Ancients call'd such *Imaginosi*; I think these Party-Prejudices entitle our People very well to that Term, for we have a Sect of the *Imaginosi* among us in many things, and especially in our Politicks and in our Trade; who form in their Thoughts the *what if's*, and *what tho's*, as so many Realities, which yet have no Existence, but in their own abortive Conceptions. *Hypocrites* tells us a Story of a Person who was possess'd with this Disease, of the *Imagination*, to that degree that he fancied he had no Head; for the Cure of which, he caus'd a heavy piece of Lead to be fastened on the top of his Crown, not only to condense, by its coldness, the Vapour of his Brain, but by its Weight and uneasy Position, to put the Gentleman in mind that he had really a Head, and whereabouts to find it, if he had any occasion to seek for it.

I must confess, some of our People, even on both sides, Discourse of such publick things as now perplex the Town, as if they really had no Heads; or if they had, did not feel them, or know where to look for them. The Dispute before us is about the *French Trade*; we have an opportunity just now, to open our Trade to *France*, and obtain an Inlet, or free Import into *France* for our Manufactures.

What signifies that, say some Gentlemen, a free Trade for what! — A free Trade for nothing! The *French* want none of your Manufactures, they can make enough of their own, not for themselves only, but for *Spain*, the *West-Indies*, their own Colonies, and the *Turkey Trade*, in all which they will cut you out; and then they make them cheaper than we do too, for their Poverty and their Industry equally exceeds us; so that they can under-work and under-sell us; and if there is an open Trade with *France*, they are as likely to supply you, as you them; for if you carry your Woollen Goods there, tho' the Duties are taken off, they will sell their own cheaper, and consequently yours will not sell at all; so that to talk of a *French Trade* for our Manufactures, is to talk nothing at all.

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Go over to *France*, and there you find the King of *France*, and his Ministry, and his People, highly concern'd about the reducing their Tariff, and taking off the high Duties from the *English* Woollen Manufactures; for, say they, if we do so, the *English* will crowd their Woollen Goods upon us, in such vast Quantities, and they are so much beyond our own in Goodness, in Workmanship, and in Substance, tho' a little higher in Price, that our People will be discouraged, no body will buy *French* if they can get *English*, and all our Undertakings of Manufactures at home will be ruin'd.

Now, whether of these two have their Heads to seek, or ought to be reckon'd among the *Imaginosi*, let even your selves be Judges; only Judge for your selves without Party-Prospects, and without consulting your Antipathies and Prejudices, judge Impartially, with the Eyes of your Understandings, open and clear'd from Partiality: As for the King of *France* and his Councils, we have not found them to be among those who have lost their Heads; they generally take their Aim but too right, and know their own Interests but too well. If they did not know that our Manufactures would, in spite of all the Application, and cheap Working of their low-priz'd People, work them out and undo them; if they did not know, that the erecting, and carrying on the *English* Manufactures in *France* would be greatly discouraged and out-done; he would not harp so diligently upon that String, and press so hard to keep up our Woollen Goods to the Tariff of 1699. when he is so easy in letting all other Goods fall to that of 1664. For Example, Why does he not insist to have the Leather excepted, as well as the Woollen Manufactures? The Reason is plain, they cannot supply themselves at Home, so well as from *England*; they want Leather, and they have not a Quantity, and there is no fear that our Leather shall discourage or disappoint their own Manufactures of Leather, for they want all their own, and all we can spare them too; but if the sending Leather to them would endanger their own lying on their Hands, and that the *Tanners* in *France* could not sell their Goods, they would be as solicitous about the Leather, as they are now about the Woollen Goods.

I cannot think but this way of Arguing has so much weight in it, as will convince any impartial Judgment, that the opening a Trade to *France* for our Manufactures, must be an Advantage to us, and a Disadvantage to them.

But give me leave to add here one thing, which

indeed I cannot omit mentioning upon all occasions; (*viz.*) The horrid abuse of our Laws, and rising the Nation, which we see daily practised, in defiance of Justice, in exporting our Wooll into *France* and *Holland* by clandestine Trade. This is the only Article which makes the difference in my Argument about the *French* being able to rival us in our Woollen Manufactures; these People who oppose what I have said, as to the *French* having Wooll enough *own to me*, that if they had it not from *Britain* and *Ireland*, they could not hurt us in our Trade; and on the other hand, *I own to them*, That if there cannot be found out some way to prevent their having our Wooll, they will ruin us in our own Trade.

Certainly there may be some way for us to prevent the *French* Nation thus treating us; in short we can call it nothing but Cuckolding of us, our Wooll is the Nations Trading Spouse, and by the Treachery of our own Servants (*People*) she is prostituted to the *French*, debauch'd from *Britain*, and carried into the embraces of her Lover, the *French*. This is Cuckolding the Nation, and what comes of the dishonourable Amour? Truly Mischiefe enough for of this Adultery are born an infinite Progeny of Bastards to the Enemy, whose Life is bestow'd in the Injury of their *Legal*, tho' not Natural *Fathers*, so that the *French* do by us, like a Bully that takes a Man's Wife away from him, lyes with her as if were under his Nose, and then comes and beats her Husband.

In short, as Custom has doom'd Cuckolds, tho' really Injured, to be laugh'd at by all the World; we deserve, tho' really Injured, to be laugh'd at rather than pitied: Nay, *which is worse still*, the Nation is not only Cuckolded and Jilted, but we come under that worst, and most ridiculous Coxcomb like kind of Cuckolds, call'd a *contented Cuckold*; this is still worse, and should rouse us to keep back the *Whore of a Wife* from coming any more at her Gallant, the *French* Nation, and what would be the Consequence? Truly Consequence enough; (*viz.*) That all her spurious Progeny would be starv'd and undone, their Brats (*Manufacturers*) would perish and die for want of the Mother's Milk, (*Woollen*) and the Whoremaster that debauch'd her must seek another Mistress.

But If you cannot keep the Wife Honest, if you cannot keep her away from him, you must expect to be beggar'd by her Gallant, starv'd and undone, and to remain an easie poor Cuckolded Nation to the end of the Chapter.